

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite
Give him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preferue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chancies. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that connd'them.

Virg. Oh heaucus! O heaucus!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much sweeter. *Cominius,*
Doope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
He do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius,*
Thy teares are fatter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile inenitabie strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
Belceu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,

Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposure, to each chance
That start's i'th' way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. He follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
Whose aduantage, which doth euer coole
And hence of the needier.

Corio. Fare ye well:

Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres fursits, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine about the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily

As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euery foot.

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doeing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They haue rane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:

Th'hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should beare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome

Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heaucus!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y' wife words,
And for Rome's good, let tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country

As he began, and not vnknit himselfe

The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen

Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.

You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede

The meaneft house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclodge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Menen. You haue told them home,

And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,

And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,

Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, luno-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

Menen. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your

name I thinke is *Adrian.*

Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,

against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. *Nicanor:* no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but

your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean
state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a
dayes journey.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome strange Insurrections:
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
vpon them, in the heate of their diuision

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that

they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo
ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.

This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni
canor.*

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard
it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
shee's false out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*

Aufidius well appeare well in these Warres, his great
Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun
tre.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of
their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their
charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment,
and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am
the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So
sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Dis
guis'd, and muffled.*

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with Stones
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auf
idius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his
house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,

Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loe,

Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out

To bitterest Enmity: So tellst Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends

And inter-joyne their yssues. So with me, I
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon

This Enemie Towne: He enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,

He do his Country Service. *Exit.*

Musicke plays. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotrus*: my M. calls for him: *Cotrus.* *Exit*
Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smells well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be
ing *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Seruant.*

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in
his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions?

Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so braue: He haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as euer I look'd on! I cannot get him
out o'th' house: Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid
the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman!

3 A mar'illous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta
tion,